

THE ARCTIC CIRCLE STERN JUSTICE TAKES THE PLACE OF LAW

Where Cruises the Revenue Cutter Bear in Far Alaska.

Only Representative of United States on 3,000 Miles of Coast.

Eskimos Give Officers of Cutter Almost Implicit Obedience.

THE maintenance of law and order in the far-north Territory of Alaska is not the least of the many problems which the Government at Washington has to face, in connection with the administration of affairs in its colonial dependencies. There is a sea-coast up there, nearly three thousand miles in extent, to patrol; there is a small group of industries which yet represents the only means of livelihood to a great number of people, to protect from piratical encroachments; there is this number of people, whose lives are made up of interests foreign to our understanding, over whom the United States pretends to stretch the strong arm of government and spread the blessings of civilization and refinement.

Tucked away in a small corner of the Treasury Department is a division called the Bureau of the United States Revenue Cutter Service. In view of the task that is involved in policing the enormous coast of this country, the results of the work of that division are almost marvelous. To inquire what is expected of a single cutter along a coast like that of Alaska brings out a list of duties to perform and responsibilities to incur that makes one wonder how the department can induce men to become officers in the service.

There has recently returned from active service on the Bear, the only cutter detailed to the Alaskan division, Lieut. A. C. Norman. Years spent in that frozen country give Lieutenant Norman the ability as well as the authority to speak of the conditions that prevail up there. Here are some stories he tells of the country far beyond Nome and Dawson, and Forty Mile:

A Trial by Proxy.

"It was in the winter of '01-'02 that the revenue cutter Bear began its annual cruise off the coast of Alaska; Captain Tuttle was commanding, Lieutenant Berthoff was the navigating officer, and I was a member of the wardroom mess. We cruised up and down the coast that season and at last anchored off Cape Blossom, in Kotzebue Sound. There Captain Tuttle had been instructed to land and secure the arrest of an Eskimo who was accused of the murder of two white men. The latter, John Richards and Clay Stevenson, in company with a companion whose name was Trevelyan, had left Cape Blossom a year before and had not been seen since. But the rumor had been insistent and it had declared that Richards and Stevenson had met their deaths at the hands of an Eskimo named Skoloff."

"They had heard it the year before, when the Bear was in this region, but Skoloff had not appeared. This year he did, surrendered himself and declared that he desired a trial."

"Captain Tuttle, commanding the Bear, had been appointed United States Commissioner for a somewhat indeterminate territory. At this point it required about ten miles of arduous travel through the surf to reach the land; it was necessary, on account of the peculiarities of the coast, for the vessel to anchor at a distance from shore. Captain Tuttle did not care to leave his ship at this distance from land and he directed Lieutenant Berthoff to make the investigations into the homicide that the circumstances required."

Berthoff Was the Deputy.
"Berthoff, who may be remembered as the hero of an expedition to save stranded whalers, which brought him a medal of honor and a vote of thanks by Congress, was quite content with the task to which he had been assigned. He made the trip through the surf, landed, and seated himself upon a log, with all the dignity he could summon to invest the occasion. The accused was brought before him, and around him were gathered some hundreds of the natives of the Cape."

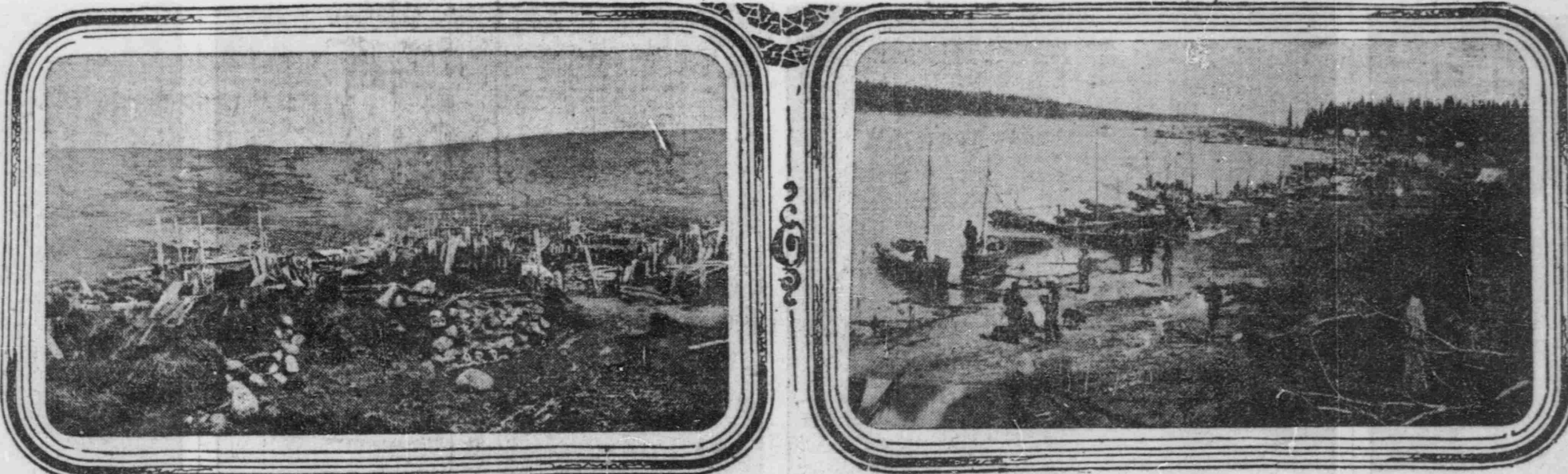
"An immensely tall Eskimo was summoned to act as interpreter, and Skoloff was called upon to tell his story. He said that he had seen the two men, he was accused of killing, murder their comrades, Trevelyan, Trevelyan had been attacked as he slept and shot to death without a moment's opportunity of making defense. The murder was witnessed by Skoloff and his son, a twelve-year-old boy, who chanced to be passing at the time."

"Skoloff declared that Richards and Stevenson had been bitterly antagonistic to him from that time on, and had lost no opportunity of making his life miserable. He said he had passed their attack with his boy and that the arrival had been the signal of an armed attack, made upon him by both men. They shot at him, he declared, with rifles and revolvers, and he returned the attack by using a Winchester rifle, which he chanced to be carrying at the time."

"I no longer think," said Skoloff, "they killed me. I shoot; I kill."

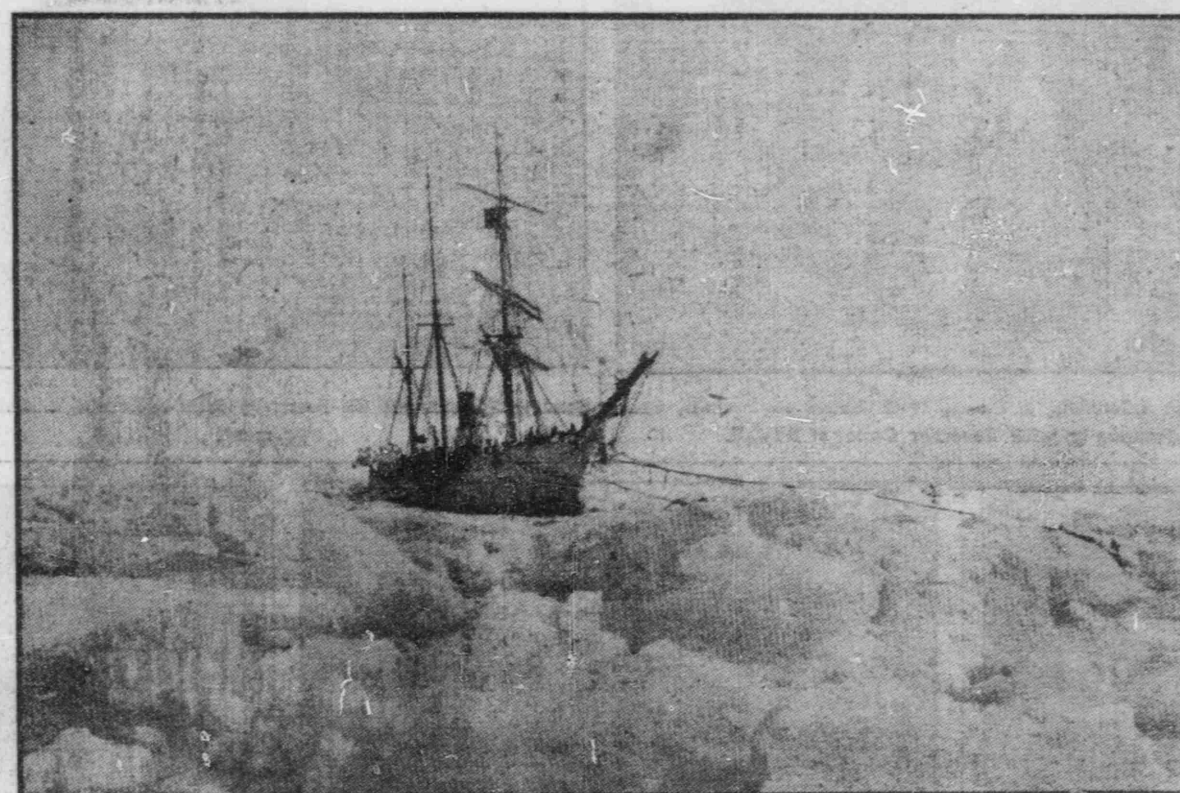
Verdict of Not Guilty.
"It took Lieutenant Berthoff an hour or more to write the truth from the Eskimos who knew the facts, but he concluded at last that Skoloff had acted entirely in self-defense. He had not a single attribute of authority, nor a single strand of law on his side, but that did not worry him. He knew that he represented authority and law to the Eskimos and he was determined to play the part. 'Don't you do this thing again, Skoloff,' he said. 'I'm going to let you loose this time, because I think you acted in self-defense. But if I ever hear of you shooting any white man again there is going to be trouble. If anybody shoots your boy, you tell about it to the captain of the Bear. He'll fix it. We will look after these little matters ourselves.'"

"That," said the way things were done out in Alaska," said Norman.



VILLAGE OF FROZEN NORTH.
Home of the Eskimos Who Brought Murderer Many Miles for Trial by White Men and Final Execution.

FISHING CRAFT AT PAGIST POST.
The Alaskan Summer, When Activities Are Possible, Is Used to the Fullest Extent.



REVENUE CUTTER BEAR LOCKED IN THE ICE.
The Sole Representative of United States Authority Along Three Thousand Miles of Rocky and Desolate Coast.

brought him before Brower, Hopson, and Gordon, whom they besought to try him for his crimes.

"The situation was a bit unusual, but the white men did not flinch. They solemnly impaneled a court, swore the

witnesses according to the native formula, and adduced such a horrible tale of brutal murder that the court's

judgment could have been but one thing. It was death.

"Judgment was passed in due form and three of the villagers were told off to act as executioners. The criminal had become a pitiful wreck, lost all his bravado, and was whimpering like a child. His judges, though, were firm, and as for his executioners they actually enjoyed the task. The murderer was securely bound, was propped against a rock and shot out of a hand."

"Brower said that the judgment gave him and his companions a reputation for wisdom and justice among the Eskimos that nothing could shake. With the disappearance of the village had man from the scene of his activities the whole tribe had a fear during which time they became childish and perfectly happy; praises of the white men's wisdom were on every lip."

Eskimos Queer People.

"They are a queer people, anyhow, those Eskimos. I don't think anybody has quite determined where they came or how long they have inhabited these frozen wilds; or how closely they touched the civilizations of antiquity, or how far they have fallen from a higher state of intellectual and moral development. It is certain enough now that they have very little intellect and no morals whatever. I don't mean by this that they are actively immoral, but that they are unmoral; their conceptions of right and wrong are of the vaguest and most rudimentary description."

"If they have got religion at all, entitled to the name, which I doubt, it has few dogmas and no system of ethics behind it. I believe they do entertain a glimmering suspicion that hell is a very cold place, where the thermometer probably ranges some hundreds of degrees below zero, but that is about all. The idea of a place of punishment, inspired by fear and of its nature, drawn from the environment in which their life-

A Gay Lieutenant Who Had a Murder Trial of His Own.

Murderer Tried, Condemned and Ordered Shot by Exiles.

Brought to Whalers at Point Barrow by His Eskimo Captors.

bound lives are spent, forms their sole theological asset.

"But to return to our mutton and the prehistoric Eskimo, there was an incident that happened during that cruise that illustrates the point. There is a good fellow in the wardroom mess who had an insatiable fondness for going ashore and gleaming stray bits of first-hand information about the people. His explorations led him into some rather unpleasant situations and supplied at least one experience he will never forget."

"He returned from one of his expeditions spotted like a pard and feeling miserably unwell. The surgeon aboard the ship that year was a young Irishman who had been educated at Dublin and spent quite a long time in the hospitals of that city. He was a man of ability who had delved deep into the history of medicine and the history of disease. Perhaps it was fortunate for our mess-mate that the medico was not only a surgeon, but a scholar as well. He looked young Smith over—we will call him Smith—with a rather puzzled air."

"'I believe you have me guessing, old man,' he said. 'You certainly are not suffering from any disease that is common today, and to judge from your symptoms I should conclude you had resurrected one of the medical authorities all agree has been dead 666 years. According to them the disease germ had exhausted its evil potency and become a quite respectable member of microbe society. But unless I am very much mistaken you've given me the whole medical-historical faculty a black eye. I'll look it up and see.'"

"The doctor did as he said he would, searching his library for exact information. His investigation confirmed his first diagnosis. He returned to his patient in unholly glee, chuckling over his discovery, with that fine scientific enthusiasm which enables the scientist entirely to overlook the human element."

"'You've got it, old man,' he said, 'you've got it beyond a doubt. I've raked up no plague that's threatened Europe hundreds of years ago and then died of its own meanness. Now let's hurry up and cure you before you give me another introduction to civilized society.'"

"Smith was cured, all right and apparently without a great deal of trouble. The doctor told me what the disease was and how it was cured, and I have spoken of it in history, but that part of the story I promised not to tell."

Young Nevada Man Who May Be Next Senator From That State

He Would Be the Youngest Member of That August Body.

SPEAKER CANNON met Senator Newlands of Nevada in one of the Capitol corridors one day about the middle of the recent session of Congress, and grasping his hand, he exclaimed, with characteristic bluntness: "Say, Newlands, who the devil is this young fellow sent here from Nevada to succeed you in the House?"

"Why, he's a rising young man from the West who used to be my secretary," replied the Senator.

"Well," continued the Speaker, polishing his cigar in his mouth at an angle of 45 degrees, "he's got the right sort of stuff in him even if he is a Democrat."

A few days before the Speaker had chanced to be upon the floor when the House was in Committee of the Whole and the chairman had recognized Representative Van Duzer of Nevada. The Speaker was about to return to his office when his attention was attracted by some remarks of the member, and instead of leaving he took a seat immediately in front of the gentleman from Nevada and listened for three-quarters of an hour.

Right Sort of Stuff.
Members of long service not infrequently find themselves addressing empty seats, and when a young and new member is able to command the ear of the House, and especially that of the Speaker, for three-quarters of an hour, that accomplishment in itself is sufficient to warrant the statement that he has "the right sort of stuff in him." It was this kind of recognition which Representative Clarence D. Van Duzer, of the much despised State of Nevada, gained for himself before the half of the first session of his first term in Congress had passed.

In every Congress there are always two or three new members on each side of the House—and the number is rarely ever more than half a dozen—who immediately leap to the front command attention, and exert influence by one method or another, while the others go plodding along, sometimes for years, before they attain rank; and some of them, perhaps a majority, serve term after term and are scarce heard of or known outside of their committee rooms and their little circle of friends.

Texas, who is now in years the "baby" of the Senate.

"Singularly enough, too, if Representative Van Duzer is promoted to the upper house, he will, as the youngest member of that body, displace one of its patriarchs, the venerable William M. Stewart, who, after twenty-eight years of service in the Senate, is now destined to enforced retirement because, after leaping from first one party to another in order to be upon the crest of the popular wave in Nevada, he has finally guessed wrong and is about to be inundated."

Stewart Once Supreme.
Days were when Stewart as the member of any party or of no party at all could rest assured that he would continue to hold his seat in the Senate, but these days have passed and upon the fourth of March next, after more than a quarter of a century in the Senate he will be forced to retire, and the probabilities are that the brilliant and enthusiastic young Democrat who now represents the "borough of Nevada" in the House will succeed him. Stewart has been Republican, Silver Republican, Silvertite, Bryanite, anti-Bryanite, Populist, Democrat, Fusionist and again Republican, and has at last reached the end. Six years ago he had a narrow escape but managed to pull out, but this time it is conceded on all sides that he is down and out, although it is probable that he will rally to a final effort.

A Native Product.
Van Duzer is a native product of the mining camps of Nevada. He is the first native born who ever represented the State in either branch of Congress, and he knows every mountain, every mine and sand dune in that great expanse of desert which, dotted here and there with a miner's camp, sends two Senators and one Representative to Congress. It has been the habit and custom of members from the more populous States to poke fun at Nevada and to point to the State as a "horrible example" against the admission of other new States with small population. It has been Van Duzer's mission in Congress to defend the State of his nativity against these assaults and the manner and the ability with which he has done it have attracted the attention of members of both sides of the chamber. His speech upon the resources of Nevada was not only eloquent and filled with rich breezy Western humor, but it contained such an array of facts that it even drew forth the comment of Dillard that which no undertaking is more difficult.

When Van Duzer first gained recognition from the Chair he was regarded with much curiosity, and some were inclined to smile. He wanted to talk upon an item in an appropriation bill. He had not been talking long before he had the attention of the House, and so well did he present his case that he won his point against the House leaders.

Won Their Respect.
From that time he commanded not only attention but respect, for the House will always give heed to a man who is in earnest even if it does not always share his opinions. Ever after his first speech the Nevada member always had an attentive audience.

Much local interest attached to young Van Duzer by reason of the fact that



CLARENCE D. VAN DUZER.

he was for three years a student at Georgetown University, graduated from the Georgetown Law College in 1894, and was admitted to the bar here while serving as private secretary to Senator Newlands, who was then a member of the House.

For a man of thirty-eight he has had an interesting career. Born in a Nevada mining camp he was at work in a silver mine far below the surface of the earth before he was sixteen years of age; then he was a cowboy roughing it upon the plains; afterward he studied and graduated at the State University of Nevada; then he became a school teacher and was afterward commissioned by the governor of the State as State land agent to reside in Washington, at a salary of \$1,000 a year. He came here and at the end of the first six months had drawn \$500 of his salary. Then the comptroller of the State ruled that the \$1,000 appropriated for the State land agent was to cover a period of two years, and Van Duzer was left high and dry in Washington without a cent.

Stewart Behind It.

It has been said that Senator Stewart influenced the comptroller to make this decision; at least, Van Duzer attributed

the ruling to him. If he succeeds in ousting the venerable solon from his seat in the Senate, and getting it himself, as now seems probable, he will have had his revenge. Stranded in Washington, he finally obtained employment with Mr. Newlands, and remained here until after he had been admitted to the bar. Returning to Nevada he was successively district attorney of Humboldt county, a member of the lower house of the Legislature, speaker of the assembly, and two years ago was elected to Congress, to succeed Representative Newlands.

Despite the fact that Nevada is a small State in point of population, its politics are interesting. It has made a practice of giving its Senators almost a life tenure of office. Senator Jones, whom Senator Newlands succeeded, served for twenty-four years, and Senator Stewart has served for nearly twenty-eight years, so that an election to the Senate, even from Nevada, is something to be coveted, and there are a number of aspirants for Senator Stewart's shoes.

Fusion Legislature.

The next Legislature will have fifty-six members, of whom there is little or no doubt that it will be Fusion-Democrat-

ic. In the last Legislature the Fusion Democrats had a majority of about thirty, and ten of the hold-over senators are Fusion Democrats, and only two are Republicans, so that there is almost no chance that the Republicans will control on joint ballot.

The opinion prevails that if Governor Sparks would accept the Senate chair he could make it, but he has declared that he will not become a candidate. He is a wealthy man, and fears that his business interests in the State would suffer if he were to enter the Senate.

William E. Sharon, a mining superintendent of Virginia City, and a nephew of the late Senator Sharon, is talked of, but it is generally understood that he will not stand in the way of young Van Duzer.

The Hon. A. L. Fitzgerald of the supreme court of the State is another candidate, but he is not likely to carry off the prize, one reason being that his position on the bench prevents him from engaging in an active canvass.

Friend of Fitzsimmons.
Ex-Governor Sadler is another who has announced himself, and his candidacy is causing some amusement. He is a big German and a cattle owner. He was governor of Nevada when the great Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight occurred at Carson City, and made himself conspicuous by meeting Fitz at the State line. The story is told that he met the pugilist with much pomp, as pomp goes in Nevada, clasped Fitz to his bosom as if he had been a long lost brother, and exclaimed, "Mr. Fitzsimmons, in de name of de beebie of de state of Nevada, I welcome you to de city." Then removing his big fur overcoat he threw it about the shoulders of "Lanky Bob" and escorted him to Carson City. Sadler won't come to the Senate.

Van Duzer has the backing of the miners of the State, who constitute more than two-fifths of the voting population. In Nevada the miners get \$4 a day and

Early Attracted Friendly Attention From Speaker Cannon.

work only eight hours, a law regulating the hours of labor having been passed by the Democratic Legislature, which assures that party the votes of the miners. Van Duzer championed their cause as a member of the Legislature, and has been the outspoken advocate of labor legislation since he has been in Congress. This, together with the fact that he has been a working miner himself, is the reason why they are for him almost to a man.

Republican Candidate.

Practically the only avowed Republican candidate is George S. Nixon, a banker and mine owner. Like Stewart, he has affiliated with all of the political parties and has recently landed with the Republicans. Not long ago he aspired to be the Fusion Democratic candidate, but when he found that his chances in the race were less than any of the others he "flopped," and later announced that he would stand as the Republican candidate.

He is a warm friend of Senator Stewart, and it is asserted that he is merely a stalking horse for the aged Senator, and that in the event of a close vote he would throw whatever strength he might have to Stewart.

The election of young Van Duzer or any of the other Democratic candidates would be a gain for the Democrats in that body, as Senator Stewart now affiliates with the majority, and it will be almost the only seat which the Democrats will be able to gain, unless the split in Wisconsin gains them one, or a landslide should enable them to defeat Senator Depew in New York.

HOW JUSTICE HOLMES SAW THE CIRCUS

IT was the day of the circus parade. Mr. Justice Holmes, a member of the highest judicial tribunal in the country, a scholar, a lawyer of eminent skill, a man of literary tastes and accomplishments, sat in his study. His study was in his home; his home in I Street.

Within the sacred chamber all was quiet. Surrounded by a mass of legal and other literature, Mr. Justice Holmes was reading—and he heard not the noise of the crowds down on Pennsylvania Avenue waiting to see the parade of the "Greatest Show on Earth."

Suddenly Mr. Holmes glanced up from his book. He knitted his brows in a perplexed fashion, and looked hard into empty space.

Was he trying to solve a complex legal problem? Oh, no; he was merely listening—and as he listened the look of interest on his face grew in intensity.

"And I'll be bound if the band doesn't belong to the circus."

Whoop! Presto! Mr. Justice Holmes was a boy again. He forgot the years that separated him from childhood and with leaps and bounds was making for the street.

"The circus parade! The circus parade! Come on if you want to see it," he shouted to the others in the house as he disappeared through the door.

He hastened toward Pennsylvania Avenue at top speed, and watched the line of march as the leaders of the parade bore in sight, and he was still there when the last wagon rolled by, watching with boyish enthusiasm the antics of the clowns and the feats of the acrobats.

That was the way Mr. Justice Holmes saw the circus parade. And the eagerness, omnipresent press agent failed to learn of it, too.

A MAN OF CONVICTIONS.
"Did you ever get into an argument with him?"
"Yes, indeed."
"He's quite dogmatic, isn't he?"
"Oh, positively bull-dogmatic."—Philadelphia Ledger.